

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME VII. No. 34

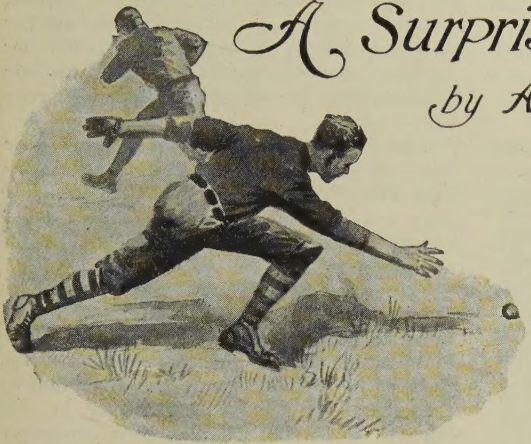
THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

MAY 20, 1917

A Surprise Package

by Arthur Wallace Peach

(In Two Parts. Part I.)



Drawing by H. Weston Taylor.

"WHAT we want is a pitcher! If there isn't one in camp, we lose the championship. We've been at the bottom of the league for three years. Now there's a chance to win out—if we get a pitcher. If there's a chap among you who thinks he can pitch, let him be sure to show up at practice to-morrow!"

The coach of Camp Mohawk, who was called "Pep" Thomas, because he was so full of snap and go, ceased speaking, and the meeting broke up.

"Bud" Tracey, who was a newcomer to the boys' camp on the lake, had pitched for his academy, and had won a fair number of games until opposing teams had discovered that he had a great weakness—it seemed to be impossible for him to field bunts. Then he began to lose games, and at the same time had lost heart.

In his tent that night he thought about the matter, and finally decided to go to the practice. If no one appeared who knew his weakness, he might be able to win the championship for his camp; at least, he would do what he could.

The next morning when he arrived at the field Coach Thomas came up.

"Hello, lad, what's your line?" he asked.

"Bud" hesitated, and then said, "I try to pitch a little."

The eyes of the coach narrowed, and he asked Tracey to throw a few balls to him. Tracey sent up a sharply breaking in-curve, an "out," and a "drop" that he had learned to throw so that it broke quickly.

A crowd of campers had collected about them, and a rush of joyous conversation went up as Thomas said shortly, "Boys, we've got a pitcher."

For the rest of the day Tracey was cheerful, but at night he began to worry, and he worried himself to sleep; for he knew that if among the people who came to see the game there was one who knew or had heard of him, Okontz might learn the truth, and the game would surely be lost.

At two o'clock the next afternoon the motor-boats and launches from Okontz and the hotels came in with blaring horns and

cheers. An hour later the teams were ready to play.

Tracey looked the Okontz crowd over, but he recognized no one among them and he felt relieved.

"Oh, we've got a surprise package for you!" he heard Durgin, his captain, call good-naturedly to the Okontz captain.

The players scattered to their positions, and Tracey went to the box. A hush fell over the field.

The first batter for Okontz was a short, stubby chap—so small he made a hard batter to pitch to. But Tracey's control was good; and after waiting for a base on balls, the batter suddenly seemed to realize that he was playing a wrong game, and he found himself struck out.

"Bud" smiled as the joyous Mohawk cheer went up.

So the innings went, and Okontz failed to make third base even once. Behind Tracey his team played with joy, happy at the thought of the pennant that was to be theirs if all went even fairly well.

Mohawk drove men around the bases by hard hitting, and the score was in their favor by five points at the end of the seventh.

Tracey's confidence grew; he knew he could not be beaten unless Okontz began to bunt.

A tall batter on the way to the plate was halted. Tracey looked to see what was the reason, and he saw a young fellow in white flannels talking to the Okontz coach. The coach said something to the batter, and the latter walked to the plate carelessly and stood with his bat swinging from the handle.

Tracey thought he was going to try for a deep hit.

Tracey shot the ball to the plate. It was over in a flash, but in that flash Tracey saw the tall form crouch, the bat shoot out in a horizontal position, meet the ball with a dead "tunk!"; and as Tracey stood still with astonishment, the writhing, twisting ball spun in the grass beyond his reach—a bunt! Too late he made a dive for it, stumbled and sprawled his ungainly length.

High above the laughter that went up he heard the yell, "Oh, you Weldon Academy star!"

"Bud's" strength seemed to leave him—some one had recognized him; some one had told the coach! The game was lost.

It was lost. In spite of the frantic urgings of his team, in spite of his own faltering efforts, he was unable to stem the tide of bunts that whirled in front of him; he made a few wild throws to the bases, and finally he was called to the bench.

He went in silence, weary, disgusted, and utterly discouraged. No word was said to

him except by the coach, who spoke quietly, "Come to my tent to-night."

The game ended; Okontz departed, cheering loudly; and Mohawk settled down to supper and the evening with blue faces everywhere.

In the coach's tent Tracey explained bitterly what was wrong, and he ended by saying: "I'm going home. It's no use. I shouldn't have tried to pitch, that's all."

The coach sat in silence for a moment or two; then he began to speak quietly but firmly. "No, you're not going home; baseball isn't everything; you'll enjoy the fun here. But, my boy, I want to tell you something—something that will do you good as long as you live. You know what is the matter with you? You're what we call a 'quitter,' the sort of man or boy—or girl for that matter—who gives up just as soon as things begin to go wrong. Let me tell you this: if you quit on this proposition, you'll quit on bigger things some day. You say you can't field bunts—have you ever got right down to business and said to yourself, 'I'll learn'? Or did you give up right off when you found you couldn't?"

Tracey's head dropped; that was what he had done—just given up.

"Now, here's what I want you to do," the coach went on; "I want you to come to the field and practice with me every morning until you can field bunts. You know what General Grant said: 'I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer!' I want to see you show that kind of spirit!"

Tracey left the tent with a feeling inside of him that he had never known before—a feeling of fire. He made up his mind to make good. "Okontz thought I was a joke package instead of a surprise package, but I'll show them!" he vowed to himself.

The way the schedule stood was this: Mohawk and Okontz had one more game to play each with other teams in the league on the lake; if Mohawk won and Okontz lost, there would be a tie to be broken. So there was a chance that no other game would be played with Okontz.

But Tracey, just the same, practiced for all he was worth under the coach's direction. The coach was pleased by what was accomplished. Errors that Tracey made were pointed out and overcome; he was shown the right way to approach a bunt in his territory; his big, loose-fingered glove was changed for a smaller, stiffer one, with which he could scoop up a ball while he was on the run.

The next days went rapidly. Mohawk with another pitcher in the box easily defeated the weak team they played that week; Okontz, playing a team that was in third place, met defeat. The news was received with cheers in Camp Mohawk, and Coach Thomas told the boys how he had been telephoned by the coach of the camp that had beaten Okontz, and how the coach had promised that his team would beat Okontz if there was such a thing as doing it.

Monday afternoon, again came the gay,

joyous, cheering crowd from the hotels and from Okontz.

Tracey watched the crowd gather at the field, and a little of the old fear came back, but he drove the thought of fear from him angrily; and when the time came for the game, he was cool and determined.

(To be continued.)

The Surprise.

BY BEULAH RECTOR.

I DISCOVERED one afternoon in May
The magnolia tree a white bouquet.
And some one had painted the tulip bed
With lovely colors,—cream, pink, red.
Under April's magic rain
The lawns had turned bright green again.
Forsythias bloomed in yellow cheer,
The scent of lilacs drifted near.
While the gauze-draped birch was the garden's queen:
Her satin slippers—the grackles' sheen.

Why, somehow under my waiting eyes
Spring had slipped in by surprise!

A Young Financier.

BY EDNA S. KNAPP.

[Here is another Lois story. Our readers will recall the one published two weeks ago, where Lois earned fifty cents toward the price of her shoes and resolved to help her mother by earning more. This story tells how she carried out her purpose.—Ed.]

"YOU can't earn anything," Bobby said with an air of careless finality.

"Why not?" demanded Lois, with a toss of her sunny head.

"You're a girl," explained Bobby.

"What if I am? I can't see that that makes any difference about earning."

"Maybe it doesn't in a larger place," acknowledged Bobby. "But there isn't any chance here."

"Then there isn't any chance for boys."

"Pooh! boys can mow lawns and tend gardens and have chickens and own paper routes," Bobby asserted as one who had already attained. "I'd really like to know what there is for you to do."

"So would I," laughed Lois.

"You haven't found anything yet and it is nearly a month since you bought your shoes."

"Don't discourage her," interposed mother gently.

"He can't; don't worry, mother. Bobby Harvey, I am sure there are heaps of chances for me right around the corner; maybe one of them is coming this minute. I hear some one on the screen porch. Oh, it is Harold to see Bobby."

Bobby went to meet his guest and came in looking worried to say: "Mother, it is Harold Lansing. His folks are going to move at once. He wants to sell me his morning paper route. Do you think I ought to buy it?"

"What do you think about it, son?"

"It would leave hardly any time to play ball," observed Bobby, gloomily. "I bring in wood, and tend garden, and have my evening paper route; that seems to be 'bout work enough for me."

"I agree with you," Mrs. Harvey began when Lois broke in eagerly. "Can't I do it, mother?"

"I suppose you could if you mean business."

Harold explained that he sold papers just in the village, that they came on the early car and many were delivered at the factory. He added that in the summer he sold a good many papers by being at the station when the morning trains came in.

"I should not like Lois to do that," said Mrs. Harvey, thoughtfully, "but she could do the rest well enough." So Mrs. Harvey bought the route and Lois found herself started in a business that paid from one and a half to two and a half dollars a month. It also entailed early rising, to her disgust. She attended to it very well, kept her own accounts, and was rather glad of the occupation.

When Mrs. Harvey balanced her accounts at the end of the month, she looked up with a little smile in place of the sober look she had worn many times lately.

"What pleases you, mother? Your eyes are all smiley, the way I like to see them," remarked Lois, who was beginning to notice many things she had never seen before.

"There is a little left in the purse now that all the bills are paid."

"That is good, but it is something new, isn't it, mother?" queried thoughtful Avis.

"Yes, daughter, though the balance is small, it is on the right side."

"How much is left?" asked Lois, so Mrs. Harvey handed her the purse. "If I hadn't bought my own shoes, the purse would be empty," she remarked in surprise. "Mother Harvey, next month you shall have more left, I'm going to help such a lot."

"It helps already to have you so willing, little daughter," said Mrs. Harvey, softly.

"I like to *do* things instead of saying 'em, it seems to mean more," announced energetic Lois. "I must hunt for more ways, it does make Bobby open his eyes so wide when I find anything to do."

Though still the leader among her mates and full of fun and life, she appeared more thoughtful at times and certainly grew more dependable. Miss Hathaway, her teacher, noticed this increased steadiness and commented on it, so Lois told her all about matters.

They were walking to school together at the time. Miss Hathaway considered for a few moments, then suggested: "Why don't you plan to skip Eighth Grade, Lois? You are strong enough to stand the extra work, and your marks are so good I have no hesitation in advising this. It would mean that you would get through high school a year sooner, ready to begin work. You know it costs something to clothe and feed a growing girl for a year."

"I don't know much about food, but I am learning about clothes; they cost a lot and wear out fast. How could I do it?" asked Lois.

"You could do all the geography and history at home this summer," said Miss Hathaway, "Eighth Grade, I mean. Your mother might hear your lessons while she was sewing. You could make a start, too, with the algebra and arithmetic, if you like."

"I'll talk to mother about it to-night," Lois responded. "Aunt Fanny will help me with the arithmetic; she is fine at that."

Mrs. Harvey approved this plan, though she reminded Lois that it must still more shorten her playtime. However, Lois learned so quickly that she hardly minded the extra work when vacation came.

Still Lois did not have what she regarded as a suitable amount of paying employment, so one day before school closed she decided

to see Miss Nan, a valued friend, to talk over further ways of adding to her income. Miss Nan answered questions from girl readers of a certain paper and was used to meeting problems of all sorts. So after school, Lois dashed up the steps of her friend's house and in at the door with the freedom of long acquaintance.

"Halloa, Miss Nan," she called, then laughed merrily.

"Glad to see you, Lois," said the hostess, joining in the laugh. Miss Nan was on her chair-couch with her sliding table beside her as usual, but the unusual feature was the decoration on the toe of one slipper, a perky yellow bird.

"He is begging me to get up and play hide and seek with him. Could you gratify him, Lois? You taught him that trick. I have a couple of letters here that I must answer before the next mail. Or are you in a hurry?"

"No hurry at all," Lois assured her. Lois waved her hand at the canary, who flew into the parlor and called, then she found him and he hid somewhere else. When Dandy tired of this game, the girl went to the piano. She played "Bringing in the Sheaves" with both hands, then drummed over some Sunday school songs with one hand. "I wish I could take music lessons," she said. "I've been trying to teach myself for a year, but I don't get on very well."

"Doesn't Avis help you?"

"She is busy all the time, and mother says she doesn't know anything on which so much money is spent usually with so little result. But I do wish I could play like Avis."

"You sisters are too nearly the same age. Nell once tried to teach me French and it did not work at all. Lois, could you bring me my mail every day and take my letters to the office? I should be glad to give you lessons in return."

"Would you really? Can we begin now?"

Miss Nan agreed, and after the lesson Lois said: "You know, Miss Nan, mother asked me to earn my shoes this year. I'm terrible on shoes, but I like earning so well that I want to buy all my school clothes, if I can. I have my paper route and I'm doing pretty well with that, but I want to earn a little more. Do you think of anything I can do?"

"What would you like to do?"

"Anything I can," answered Lois, earnestly.

"Do you remember the day you and Janet dusted for me, the time Martha left so suddenly? Lois, *please*, Dandy is eating the new leaves on my fern. Drive him away, do."

"Yes, Miss Nan, I remember," responded Lois, going to pat naughty Dandy on the tail. He flew to the top of a picture, scolded her soundly, and was back the next minute. When she could, she continued: "Janet dropped your best bureau-cover out the window and I let all the sweeping things clatter downstairs together and scared you stiff."

Miss Nan's eyes twinkled, but she only said: "My last maid has just been married. She still does most of my work and the marketing, but she cannot come in often enough to keep things dusted. Could you give me two afternoons after school each week to dust? I should be glad to give you ten cents each time. Then there will often be errands at a nickel apiece. Will this help?"

"Thank you, Miss Nan. Mother says I can dust first-rate when I choose."

"Then let us hope you will choose, most of the time."

"I'll be working for *you*," said Lois, as if that settled the matter.

"Now I must go straight home to tell mother that my time will be really full. Oh, won't I have fun telling Bobby!"

Down the walk she went on the run, her yellow braid streaming out behind her, and her cheeks as pink as her gown. She rushed in and dropped on the floor beside her mother's chair, where she told her story.

Bobby was there, too. "Geel!" was his only comment.

"Will you admit that girls can earn money even here?" demanded Lois.

"Some girls can," he assented with a nod of approval.

Lois turned to her mother. "That little worry-wrinkle in your forehead is going away already," she rejoiced. "I like to see you always smiling."

"Any mother would smile if she had three dear, helpful children like mine," said Mrs. Harvey.

The Melody of May.

THE clouds are all a-tiptoe,
The blossoms all a-swing,
And every bird, a-throb with joy,
Is poised on eager wing.
The winds have swept the aisles of earth,
And all her tapers tall,
Azalea lights with loving hand
Along her woodland wall.
While arbutus a censer swings
In wild and hidden way,
She enters—and the chorus breaks—
Our May, May, May.

With wreaths of radiant blossoms
Her brow is garlanded.
She smiles, and Childhood laughs aloud,
And Age is comforted.
The valley-lilies shake their bells,
The lilacs swell with pride,
The sun leans down to look at her,
And earth is glorified.
Where'er she treads a blossom springs,
And fairies pause at play
To swell the chorus of the world;
'Tis May, May, May.

Oh, grieving heart or joyous,
Each year the flowers grow,
And ever strives the deathless seed
Beneath the soundless snow.
And Age that harkens to the past
With other waking springs,
May see God's writing on the bloom,
And read eternal things;
But we, the children, free and glad,
May laugh aloud to-day,
God's Paradise for us is here,
'Tis May, May, May.

PHILA BUTLER BOWMAN,
in *Kindergarten Review*.

The Builders.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

A HUNDRED flights from earth to tree,
A hundred bursts of melody;
A magic mixture of straw and strings,
The wondrous wisdom that dwells with wings;
For days they toil their tiny best
To build their babes a cosy nest.

The Coming of the Circus.

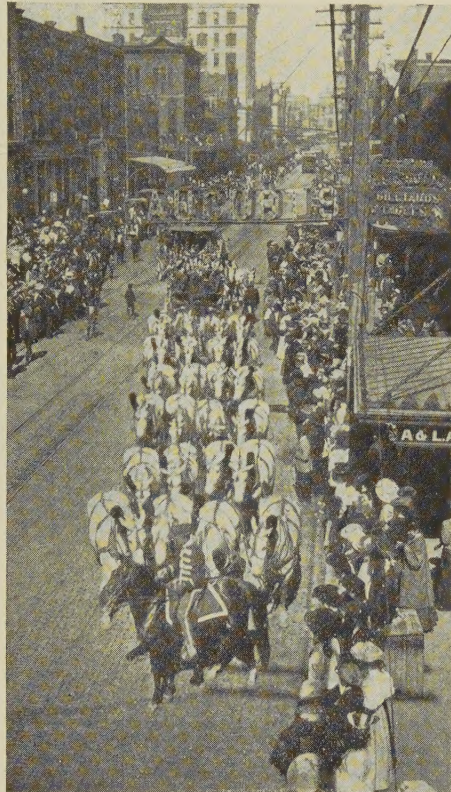
BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

"TRAINED el'phants!" exclaimed Tom Berry, in delight, as all the neighborhood children swarmed admiringly about a bill-board gay with circus posters. "I wouldn't be afraid to ride on 'em!"

"Course not, only camels are more fun," chimed in the new boy, eager to gain the respect of his neighbors. "My father rode one once, and he said it rocked like a boat."

"Maybe that's why they call the camel 'the ship of the desert,'" remarked Sam Riggs.

"Well, I'm going somehow," declared Tom's chum, Jimmy. "Maybe I can help



"Look at those horses, mother! Such snow-white beauties!"

the men around the show tent and earn a ticket."

"I'm going with my mother," boasted Sam. "Anyway, I'm rich, for daddy gave me a dollar last week for having such a good report at school."

Tom Berry trudged home soberly. His mother, bending over her sewing night and day, had sighed as she told him that he and Nell would have to earn their way into the circus. So the children thought of little else after that. They *must* make their garden plots take them to the circus and—such a lovely secret too!—take their mother along for a treat!

"Here come my two huckleberries!" one of their neighbors always said when Tom and Nell appeared with their crisp, early lettuce, ruddy radishes, and tender green onions. Other housewives whose gardens were only beginning followed her example, and were glad to buy of those "polite little Berrys." So the

two partners shared the vegetable basket and the secret for weeks, and of course they won out. And their mother's happy expression, when she heard, made it all worth while.

On the great day the Berrys went down town early enough to find a good place from which to view the parade. Tom carried the money, and very proud and responsible he felt to have so much wealth at one time.

"*Tum—tum—ti-tum!*" Hurrah! It was coming at last! After that the children had no time for mere winking or breathing.

"Look at those horses, mother!" cried Tom, excitedly. "Such snow-white beauties!"

"How many, Tom?" asked his mother, smilingly. But a band following made such a splendid racket that in keeping time Tom lost count. Nell, however, declared there were "six fours"—and of course any child who is on good terms with his multiplication table knows just how many horses there were.

The clowns caused the usual ripple of laughter, and one big fellow, clad in huge polka-dotted pantaloons, and seated in a tiny cart, invited the boys to "Hop in! Lots of room!" There were dainty Shetland ponies, tossing their pretty manes, and filling every child with a longing for "a cute one just like those." Patient camels passed by, some wearing their backs in two humps, others in one. Huge elephants plodded along, with richly ornamented howdahs on their backs.

"They can pick up a pin or pull up a great tree with their squirmy trunks, teacher says!" cried Nell.

"Yes, and when they need a bath, they simply wade into a stream and turn the hose on themselves!" laughed Tom. "I mean to stuff one of those trunks with peanuts this afternoon!"

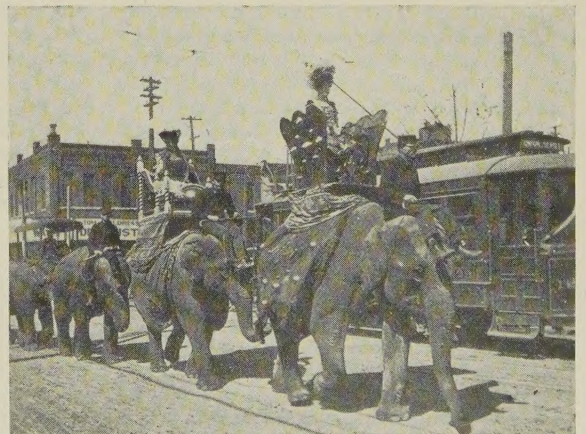
After a hasty lunch, the Berrys and their friends sought the thrilly circus grounds, and Tom, after importantly buying the tickets, led the way into the animal tent, to observe with interest the at-home life of the animals. The queer giraffes were peacefully dining on pressed clover.

"Look, Jimmy!" Tom urged his chum. "Did you ever see such sky-scrappers of troughs?"

"So the giraffes won't break their necks leaning over to eat," nodded Jimmy. The friendly keeper pointed out his tallest charge, "seventeen feet in the air!" he said.

"Well, he'd have to double up to get into our barn!" giggled Tom.

"Just fold himself up, or be a giraffe-in-a-box," suggested Mrs. Berry. "Look, children, what a big elephant!"



"Huge elephants plodded along, with richly ornamented howdahs on their backs."



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

BELLINGHAM, WASH.

My dear Miss Buck,—I am a member of the Unitarian Sunday school of Bellingham, Wash. My father, Rev. Fred Alban Weil, is the minister and my Sunday school teacher. There are about six boys in my class, and about thirty children in the whole Sunday school.

I would like to join the Beacon Club. I am ten years old and have a brother eight and a little sister four years old.

I am writing on my father's typewriter.

Yours sincerely,

ELIOT WEIL.

AYER, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school and I enjoy *The Beacon*. I like to solve the puzzles besides reading the stories.

Mrs. Susan Barker is our teacher and we all like her. We have formed a Beacon Club and meet every two weeks. I am the secretary. Besides we have a party every month.

Yours truly,

IRENE MCCOLLESTER.

EDGEWOOD, PA.

My dear Miss Buck,—At last I have stolen a chance to write and tell you what I think of your splendid club, and to ask if I may join.

To begin with, in this town there is a children's home, and the thing that has been uppermost in my mind has been to give one day a week to going over and playing with those children. Don't you think that a good idea?

"That's Rajah," introduced the keeper. "One of the largest in captivity, and as gentle as Mary's lamb."

Rajah blinked his beadlike eyes and began searching the man's pocket with his long trunk.

"He's after peanuts or pop-corn," laughed the man.

"Let me feed him!" cried Tom and Nell in chorus, so Rajah was soon contentedly helping himself from several small hands, while the keeper went on talking, to the children's delight.

"Funny thing happened last December when we were in winter quarters," he said. "Rajah suddenly began acting cranky and hateful—never knew him to be 'grouchy' before. I knew there was some good reason, so I kept an eye on him, and found he was most wretched when he chewed his food. Well, if you'll believe it, that poor beast had been suffering with toothache for days!"

"I don't blame him for being cross!" laughed Mrs. Berry. "Did you have the dentist for him?"

"I did the job," grinned the man. "And the minute that tooth was out, Rajah was as happy and playful as a kitten!"

On went the Berrys, gazing with awe at the beautiful leopards that acted ready to pounce on one if they could only leap through the bars. The children paused before the lions' cages, where some of the kingly beasts were still gnawing their dinner bones, while others paced restlessly to and fro, looking very fierce and unhappy.

"That Androclis in our readers was

I remember once, very long ago you came to visit our Sunday school, The First Unitarian Church of Pittsburg, and told us a story of a brave girl who prevented a wreck. I have never forgotten your visit.

A long time ago a picture of the author of our faith, together with "Our Faith," appeared in *The Beacon*, and I cut it out and saved it, because I love our faith so.

Wishing you success in whatever the Club may undertake, I am your interested reader,

ELEANOR T. RENSHAW.

(Age 12.)

CLEVELAND, OHIO,

3128 Lincoln Boulevard.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am so glad that I now live in Cleveland so I can go to a Unitarian Sunday school. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and I like the story of "The Wolf of Thistle Ridge." I remember when you came to visit us in Kenosha. My mother wants me to greet you for her.

Yours truly,

JACK JORDAN.

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.,

88 Robinwood Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school of Jamaica Plain. Our minister is Mr. Fairley, and our superintendent is Mr. Rees. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday evening with my sister.

At home I have a fort (a hut in our backyard, which four other boys and I built), where on Saturdays we drill with air-rifles (not loaded) and make short trenches.

I would like to join the Beacon Club and have a Beacon Club button.

Yours sincerely,

ERIK HOFFMAN.

certainly a hero," observed Tom, taking a deep breath. "Anybody who would dare pull a thorn out of one of those fellows' paws—Well! Think I'd climb a tree first!"

"Here we see old grandpa Yak," smiled his mother a moment later, and next door to "Grandpa" Tom discovered a large "nice piggy," Mr. Tapir, Esquire.

There were graceful cat-like tigers, sneaky-footed hyenas, doglike coyotes, and striped zebras. The solemn old rhinoceros, carrying his horn on his nose, wore such a wrinkled coat that he probably felt very untidy to be in polite society. The lively, curly-tailed monkeys were so full of mischief and motion that the amused children almost forgot that the real show was to follow in the adjoining tent. They traveled up and down their wire cages like brown streaks, swinging, turning somersaults, and blinking their wise eyes comically. One naughty fellow nipped his neighbor's tail and started a wrestling match on the spot.

"Come, children!" smiled Mrs. Berry, consulting her watch. "It is time to go into the show tent now, and you'll see trained animals galore, acrobats, and the funny clowns."

What a blissful afternoon it was—only not half long enough!

"Oh, dear! I'm sorry it's all over!" sighed Nell, as they waited for their car, after the circus.

"It was worth working for, I tell you!" agreed Tom, and their mother smiled and said that she felt at least ten years younger than in the morning.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LXXVI.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 8, 3, 7, 10, is a verb.

My 2, 11, 4, 7, is a dwelling-place.

My 1, 3, 12, is a measure of weight.

My 8, 11, 12, 7, is to be finished.

My 9, 8, 5, is a girl's name.

My 6, 2, 3, 7, is something we wear.

My whole is a famous inventor.

VIRGINIA STEENROD.

ENIGMA LXXVII.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 9, 1, 11, 8, is the past of sing.

My 9, 6, 10, is what we do when we speak something.

My 5, 1, 4, is another word for boy.

My 4, 6, 3, 12, is a small valley.

My 8, 3, 2, 12, is a kind of jelly cement.

My 5, 1, 7, 12, is a narrow path between hedges.

My whole is the name of a song.

M. F.

CHARADE.

My first is a part of a ship, you'll find;

My second is simply a letter;

My third means a line of heat or light;

My fourth says, "Avoid—you'd better."

My whole is a day that is kept every year

By old folks and young, with a flower and a tear.

D. D. S.

ANAGRAM.

I know a pretty little thing,

That always comes with pleasant spring.

When willow trees their catkins swell,

You'll find it in some woodland dell.

No other wild flower ranks above it.

The letters of its name spell "love it."

The Mayflower.

TWISTED NAVAL VESSELS.

1. Ughtdraedan.
2. Hsptletab.
3. Icurres.
4. Royesterd.
5. Pretood-taob.
6. Bsurneima.
7. Ngubtoa.
8. Oilrlec.
9. Bsurneima rshcae.
10. Tocas Draug Ctteur.

ERIK HOFMAN.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 32.

ENIGMA LXXII.—Star-Spangled Banner.

ENIGMA LXXIII.—Recreation Corner.

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